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Watts - An Irish Engagement - 1848.

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AN IRISH
ENGAGEMENT:

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

By W. WATTS, Esq.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Marylebone,

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 21ST, 1848.

London :

Published by F. G. Fairbrother, 31, Bow Street, Covent Garden,

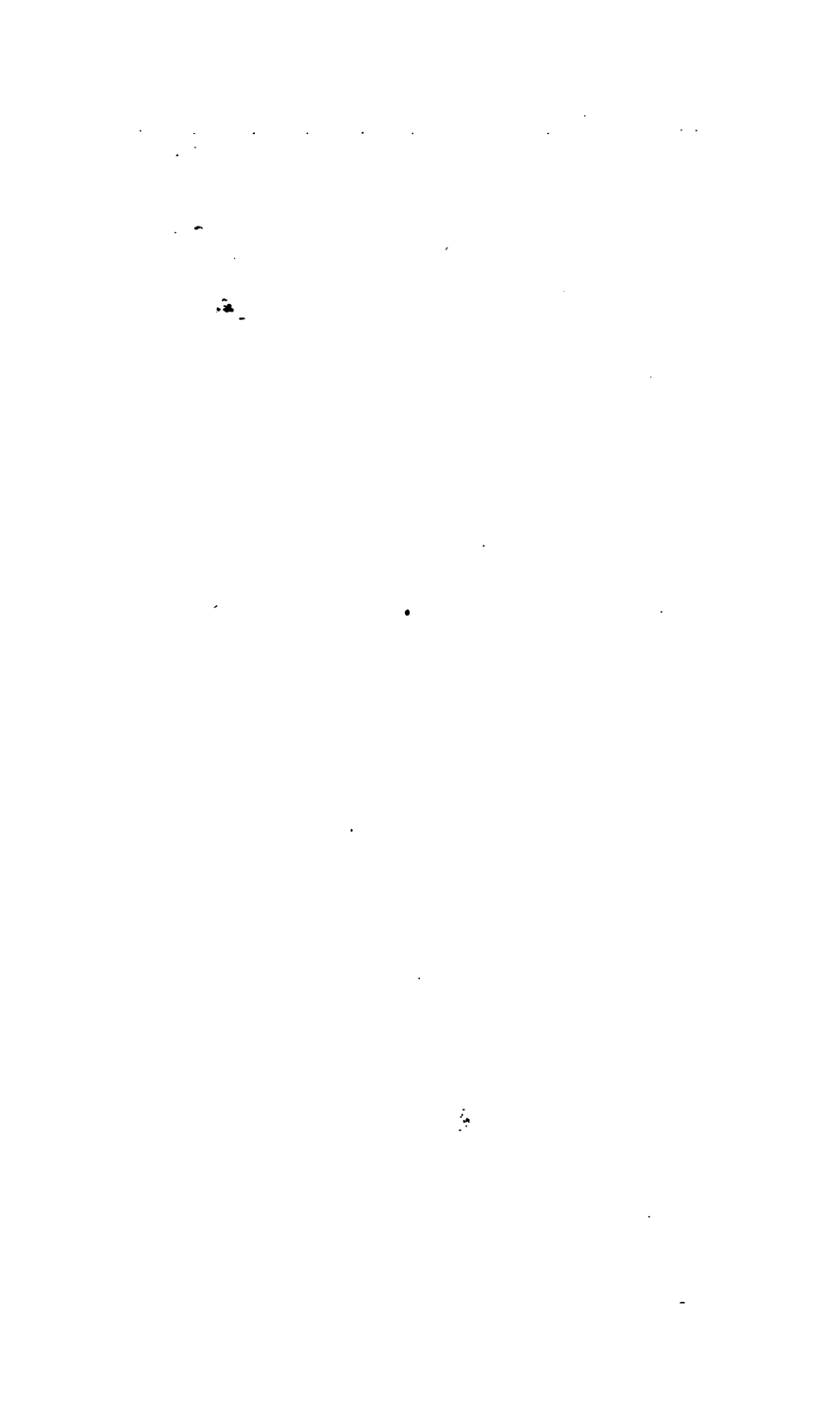
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1849

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EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918**



Dramatis.

Produced at the Royal Marylebone Theatre, 21st Sept., 1848.

Time of Representation, 45 minutes.

<i>Mr. Bullfinch</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. G. Cooke.
<i>Mr. M'Carthy</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Clifford.
<i>Captain Foxlove</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. T. Craven.
<i>Tim Rafferty</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hudson.
<i>Julia Bullfinch</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss F. Hamilton.
<i>Norah</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss M. Cooke.

Costume.

MR. BULLFINCH.—Light blue coat, gilt buttons—white waistcoat—nankeen trousers—short gaiters.

MR. M'CARTHY.—Green coat—yellow waistcoat—black trousers—white hat.

CAPTAIN FOXLOVE.—1st. Military undress. 2nd. Light blue livery coat—top boots.

TIM RAFFERTY.—1st. Light blue livery coat—top boots. 2nd. Dress coat, gilt buttons—top boots—Opera hat.

JULIA.—A white muslin dress.

NORAH.—Stuff gown, looped up—mob cap.

AN IRISH ENGAGEMENT.

SCENE.—A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MR. BULLFINCH,
HANDSOMELY FURNISHED.

*Folding doors. Cupboard B. Window L. A Table c., with
breakfast set.*

JULIA and NORAH discovered.

Julia. [*Seated at table, R. H.*] Hope! Norah, there is no hope

Norah. Ah, thin, Ma'am, don't say so—sure you're not married yet.

Julia. But soon shall be. He is expected every day, every hour—and then ———

Norah. Don't have him—pluck up a spirit—tell him you can't love him—won't love him—and what's more, don't intend to love him; that your whole and undivided heart is given to the Captain, and you're determined your hand shall go wid it.

Julia. But my father will disown me, if I dare disobey him.

Norah. He loves you too much to do that, ma'am, I'm sure. How unlucky the Captain is poor; but never despair. Take my word for it, you'll have him yet.

Julia. Heigho! poor Foxlove; all our dreams of happiness are gone for ever.

Norah. Lover's dhrams—all smoke. [*Noise without.*] Hush! as I live that's—that's Tim—my Tim. I'd know his own beautiful voice in a thousand. [*Runs to window, L.H.*] Yes, it's him, and as I live, the Captain. Your father's out, miss, so I think we might venture to let him in.

Julia. By all means, fly. [*Exit Norah.*] Moments like these are indeed precious; with what joy my heart bounds when he is near. I feel that with him alone could I be happy. Foxlove!

Enter Captain FOXLOVE, L. H.

Foxlove. Dearest Julia, what joy once again to see you: say, what news of the enemy.

Julia, R. H. The worst possible, dear Foxlove. By a letter received by my father this morning, he is already on the road here to claim his bride.

Foxlove. Then we have not a moment to lose, my dear Julia. I have thought of a stratagem which, if successful, may yet save us.

Julia. A stratagem!

Foxlove. Yes, love. Stratagems in love and war are equally allowable. You say that neither your father nor yourself have yet seen your intended husband.

Julia. Nor have we. My father and his were school-fellows: their friendship increased with their years—they married at the same time—their wives brought them, one a son, the other a daughter—an agreement was then made between them that the children should wed when they became of age. That time is now arrived, and Mr. M'Carthy is on his way from Ireland to claim his bride.

Foxlove. And should you refuse to marry him?

Julia. My father forfeits ten thousand pounds, unless the agreement is mutual.

Foxlove. It must be our endeavours to make it so. So now for my project. What think you of passing off my Irish servant, Tim Rafferty, as the expected Mr. M'Carthy.

Julia. Yes, but what then.

Foxlove. And by his behaviour try and disgust your father with his Irish engagement.

Julia. Excellent! But should the real one arrive?

Foxlove. Leave that to the fortune of war—a forlorn hope that may end in love and happiness.

Julia. 'Tis worth the trial. Cupid, assist us, and crown it with success.

Foxlove. Let us hope for the best. Meanwhile I'll jump into his clothes, so that I may be at hand to watch and guard you.

Julia. Bravo! let us at once to action.

Foxlove. Immediately. Here Tim, Tim.

Tim [*without*, L. H.] Coming, sir, coming.

Foxlove. He is exactly suited for our purpose, a genuine Irishman, full of fun, humour, and impudence. Here, Tim, Tim, I say.

Tim [*without*]. Aisy, sir, aisy, and I'll be wid you in the twinkling of a cat's tail.

Julia. Norah and he are sweethearts.

Foxlove. Confound the fellow. Tim, Tim.

Enter TIM RAFFERTY, L. H.

Tim. Here I am, your honour.

Foxlove. At last, sir.

Tim. Politeness bates duty, sir. Sarve the ladies before all the world.

Julia. Nay, dear Foxlove, we ourselves know how hard it is to part.



Tim [*crossing to centre*]. Wisha long life to you; may be you're not a jewel of the first salt water, and it's yourself I'd like for a master, and no mistake.

Foxlove. Now, Tim, we want your assistance.

Tim. Sure it's yours before you ax it.

Foxlove. I am aware you are a clever intelligent fellow, Tim.

Tim. Be my faith, the thurstest sentiment you ever uttered.

Foxlove. You will then consent to what I shall name to you.

Tim. Faith, that will I, before you name it, at all, at all.

Foxlove. That is enough. Farewell, dear Julia; we go at once to put our scheme into execution.

Julia. Farewell, dear Foxlove. Heaven grant you success—

[*Exit FOXLOVE, L. H.*]

and, Tim, remember the happiness of my future life depends on you.

Tim. Your happiness (make yourself aisy, my darlin) depend on me, I'd go through fire and wather for you. [*Exit JULIA, R. H.*]
Tim Rafferty, Tim Rafferty, your soul, now be after showing the univarse what an edification you've had:—whatever your scheme is I'm wid you, and, by the piper that played before Moses, if I don't teach them what an Irishman can do, may I never set eyes on Ould Ireland again, or obtain my own dear little Norah for life. I've a bit of a song that I coax her with—

Song, TIM, introduced—"Come down here, Norah dear."

[*Exit TIM.*]

Enter JULIA, R. H.

Julia. Pray Heaven we may succeed, my heart is again filled with hope—with love and hope who should despair—now to play my part. O love, love! to what wild schemes do you drive your votaries.

Enter NORAH.

Norah. Och, misthress, there's my Tim a going to transmogrify himself; he says I'll not know him a bit; that he'll make as illegant a gintleman as ever eat buttermilk wid a fork, or praties wid a spoon.

Julia. Yes, Norah, to serve me.

Norah. Oh what a trimblin I'm in, supposing its found out who he is.

Julia. 'Tis merely an harmless scheme, after all.

Norah. And what will I do if he never comes back to his own illegant self again.

Julia. Why then, Norah, you'll have a gentleman for a sweetheart.

Norah. A gintleman—and is it the likes of me that would have a gintleman for a sweetheart.

Julia. And why not, Norah?

Norah. Becase its not their manners I like, at all, at all, wid

their fine curled-up mustaches and whiskers, dandy cut coats, polished boots, and dainty delicate hands; its too much trouble for the likes o'thim to make love properly, and tell a girl what a beauty she is. I wouldn't give a brass-sixpence for such a man; no, give me one of my own darlin boys, widout a brogue to his foot, or a canbeen to his head, but wid a simple honest heart and a good shillalah,—one that makes love like an angel, and fights for you like a lion.

Julia. Ha, ha, ha! Norah, you're eloquent.

Norah. And is'nt it in a good cause, miss machree? Och! if you'd only had the luck to fall in love wid an Irishman,—wid one of the darling boys of Tipperary, they're the jewels to lay hold of a poor girl's affections, and kick up a rebellion in her heart. They twist and they turn, wheedle, flatter, and kiss, until they so bewilder a poor girl, that it's glad she is to say, "Paddy, you devil, take me at once, and make an honest woman of me." But here comes your father, miss: I'll be off and prepare for the scrimmage; what a flustration I'm in! Oh, this love! this love! it bothers all creation intirely, and us poor sarvants into the bargain.

[*Exit NORAH.*]

Enter Mr. BULLFINCH from back, L. H.

Mr. Bull. Well, my dear Julia, all's ready; every thing is prepared to give a right hearty welcome—a welcome worthy the blood of the Bullfinches—to the son of my old friend, and your intended husband.

Julia, R. H. But, my dear father, I really cannot bear the idea of marrying a man whom I have never seen.

Mr. Bull. But you'll see him before you do, I suppose; and here, listen to what his father says of him—by the blood of the Bullfinches, it does my heart good to read it. [*Reads.*] "My dear son, who has been brought up and educated in England, is a quiet, amiable, good tempered, fascinating young man, possessing all the qualities necessary for making a good husband; and I think I may venture to say, worthy of your lovely daughter." There! what would you have more than that.

Julia. I would have one, sir, on whom I can bestow my heart.

Mr. Bull. Then bestow it on him; by the blood of the Bullfinches, the girl's unreasonable.

Julia. Not so; the whole study of my life has hitherto been to please you; but on such an occasion as this, in which the happiness of my future life is concerned, I do hope you will allow me those little privileges to which my sex are entitled.

Mr. Bull. You are a good girl, Julia, a very good girl; but I have promised you, and, by the blood of the Bullfinches, I cannot break it; so make up your mind to like the young gentleman, which I am sure you will if he at all resembles my old friend.

Julia. I'll do my best to please you, sir.

Mr. Bull. That I am sure you will. [*Knocking without.*] Holloa! who's there; as I live a young man and his servant: it must be he; by the blood of the Bullfinches it is; how I long to embrace you.

Julia [aside]. 'Tis the Captain and Tim, so I'll away and prepare for my part in the scheme. [*Exit JULIA, R. H.*]

Mr. Bull. Now, Julia; what gone. Ha, ha, ha! the little rogue's off to put herself in apple-pie order. Ha, ha, ha! how the ladies do love to have every thing *comme il faut*; now then for my future son-in-law.

Enter TIM RAFFERTY, L. H., ridiculously dressed, followed by Captain FOXLOVE, as his servant. TIM enters singing, "St. Patrick was a gentleman."

Mr. Bull. I presume I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. M'Carthy.

Tim. And its right you are for once in your life, as the man said when St. Paul's clock struck thirteen. I presume you're ould Bullfinch.

Mr. Bull. At your service; very happy to see you, sir, by the blood of the Bullfinches, you are right welcome.

Tim. Tip us your fist, my tulip, and its myself that's glad to see you, old gentleman, and may we live to know each other till we die and ever so long afterwards.

Tim squeezes Mr. B.'s hand until he dances about with pain.

Mr. Bull. My dear sir, really your shake is so very cordial—by the blood of the Bullfinches my hand is almost off—but allow me to ask, how is your worthy father?

Tim. By my soul he's in mighty good health, in as fine a state of preservation as any ould gentleman can expect to be. [*Aside.*] He's been dead these twenty years.

Mr. Bull. You bring me letters from him, I suppose.

Tim [aside]. I'd be troubled to do that. And is it letters, sir; by the powers, when I set out you would'nt have known me from Dennis O'Dogherty, the postman; but you see, sir, I had an idea.

Mr. Bull. A good one, I've no doubt.

Tim. And its right you are then; for when I looked at the bundle of letters, what's the use, says I to myself, of carrying you across the sea; devil a word said they; so I took the liberty of opening the dirty blackguards; so its by word of mouth you'll be getting all the news of my respectable ould father. And, by the powers of Moll Kelly, my idea beats the penny postage, both in cheapness and convenience.

Mr. Bull. [aside.] Rather an off hand way, I must say. Well, letters, or no letters, you are welcome.

Tim. And aint I after knowing I am. So I'll be making myself as much at home as Paddy that took all his meals and slept in the drawing-room. Here, John, you rascal—[*Captain FOXLOVE comes down, L. H.*—be after getting my room ready; learn the way of the house; take pattern by me, make yourself aisy and comfortable. Kiss the cook; unbuzzum yourself to the house-maid; and shew them how we do it in Ould Ireland—yon devil.

Foxlove. Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] A pretty berth I've got into.

Mr. Bull. [*Aside.*] A quiet, unassuming young man:—what different eyes father's see with.

Tim. Now, ould gintleman, where's this lovely intended of mine. Och! I'm in a biling state, as the man said when he fell into the copper; I'm in a favor of love.

Mr. Bull. I'll fetch her immediately. [*Aside.*] Oh, dear, I'm afraid this boisterous fellow won't suit her at all. [*Exit. R. H.*]

Foxlove. Capital, Tim, capital! Do but continue, and I have no doubt he will soon have had enough of his Irish engagement.

Tim. Never fear, Captain, never fear; lave me alone for sarving him out. I'll be giving him a touch of the schoolmaster of Ballywhop'em, who flogged his scholars before breakfast to give them an appetite for dinner.

Foxlove. Do your best; if you succeed you know your reward.

Tim. Twenty pounds, and Norah for life. If woman and money won't make a man do his best, by my faith, I should say he's good for nothing at all, at all.

Foxlove. I don't think he'll find us out.

Tim. Silence, agra, here they are.

Enter Mr. BULLFINCH and JULIA.

Mr. Bull. Allow me, sir, to introduce my daughter to you. Julia, Mr. M'Carthy, Mr. M'Carthy, Miss Bullfinch.

Tim. Now, it's myself that's mighty proud and happy to see you, my darlin; by the powers, you're a rose, with the colour of the tulip.

Julia. Really: Mr. M'Carthy.

Tim. I know what you'd be after saying, my darlin; but I'll be stopping it; and there's only one way of stopping a woman's mouth; so, by your lave, I'll be stealing a kiss. [*Goes to kiss her.*]

Foxlove. [*Aside.*] Be quiet. How dare you, sir?

Tim. John, be aisy; what's come over you. Won't I salute my wife that is to be, for the honour of Ould Ireland?

Foxlove. [*Aside.*] At your peril, sir. [*Pulls him back.*]

Tim. [*Aside.*] I must do it, it's natheral. Arrah, my darlin, it's a beauty you are, and no mistake. By this and by that, my heart's like a red hot pratie, with the skin on; and it's yourself I'll live wid till I die, and then never lave you.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mr. Bull. [Aside.] This is the quiet, modest young man ; by the blood of the Bullfinches, he's a perfect devil.

Foxlove. [Aside.] Confound the fellow. He shall answer for this liberty.

Tim. By my soul, it's as reviving as the ould gintleman's elixir, that made everybody young again ; therefore, as the doctors say, the dose to be repeated immediately. *[Kisses her.]*

Foxlove. [Aside.] I'll stand this no longer. I'll have no more of this, sir.

Tim. What do you mean, you dirty spalpeen ; do you forget who I am ? Leave the room, sir.

Foxlove. What do you mean, sir ?

Tim. And is it the meaning you wish to know ?—is it myself or you that is master ? Get out wid you—leave the room—be off.

[TIM pushes Captain F. out of the room, L. H. JULIA runs out, R.]

Tim. The impertinent rascal.

Mr. Bull. He certainly presumes.

Tim. Presumes, do you call it ; by my faith, I call it impudence. The impudence of sarvants is wonderful ; they bate their masters hollow in that. What, my little jewel is off too ; by my faith, if all the Bullfinches are like her, it's illegant birds they are.

Mr. Bull. [Aside.] I fear she wont say as much for you. I'm glad you like her, sir ; she is indeed a charming creature.

Tim. A perfect angel in petticoats. And her fortune—how much do you mane to tip up with her ?

Mr. Bull. [Aside.] Rather an indelicate question. On her marriage I shall give her ten thousand pounds.

Tim. Tin thousand ! and is it only a dirty tin thousand you'll be giving. Sell myself for tin thousand pounds ; why we'd be worse off than Paddy O'Flannagen, who kept a wife and ten children on six praties a day. Would you be starvin us, you old vagabond.

Mr. Bull. Starve—vagabond—by the blood of the Bullfinches, what do you mean.

Tim. What I say. And now I'll be after telling you how I mane to live ; and then say if a paltry tin thousand will be doing it.

Mr. Bull. Let me hear what you intend to do. By the blood of the Bullfinches, I never was so treated.

Tim. Listen then. First, I'll be after taking the largest house in town ; sarvants shall be as plentiful as mushrooms. I'll have valets, footmen, coachmen, grooms, butlers, ladies' maids, chambermaids, dairymaids, housemaids, cooks, and, in a very short time, its a nurserymaid I'll be wanting likewise :—then I'll have coaches, cabs, four-in-hands, and an illegant jaunting car ; whisk, dash along—I shall keep up with everything, but nothing shall

keep up with me. There goes a dacent boy, says one; a dear little devil, says the ladies. Arrah, my darling, and you may say that, says I. He's a beauty, says another. Hurro! for the wild Irishman. Whoop! Tipperary for ever. Whoop! you devil. My blood's up. [*Jumps on table and upsets cups, &c.*]

Mr. Bull. But, my dear sir.

Tim. Aisy, sir, aisy. Then my parties. Oeh! what illigant parties I'll be giving. Wine and whisky punch *galore*, the largest bowl in all Ireland's nothing to it. Then, lords and ladies, knights, and barrow-knights, lovely women, enchanting music, dancing. Oeh! won't I give them a beautiful jig; I'll astonish the weak minds of the dirty world. And how can I be doing this on a paltry tin thousand. By my faith, you must multiply the sum by *tin* —

Mr. Bull. I'll do no such thing. By the blood of the Bullfinches, I'll not give one penny more.

Tim. Say that again.

Mr. Bull. I repeat it.

Tim. You do?

Mr. Bull. I do—by the blood of the Bullfinches.

Tim. Thin, by the blood of the M'Carthy's, I'll make the Bullfinches pipe to a beautiful tune. Whoo! my blood's up! A dirty tin thousand, you spalpeen. Come on. I'll pepper you. I'll fight you for the honour of Ould Ireland. Come on, my ould cock-chaffinch. [*Beats Mr. B., who retreats round the stage,*

followed by TIM, who keeps striking him.

Mr. Bull. Help! murder! help!

Enter JULIA, B. H., and Captain FOXLOVE, L. H.

Julia. Dear father, what is the matter?

Mr. Bull. That madman was about to murder me.

Tim. Murther; what's that he says. I murther him? I'd have had as pretty a fight with him as ever was seen at Donnybrook, and all for the sake of friendship, if ye had'nt come in to spile sport.

Mr. Bull. By the blood of the Bullfinches, I don't require such striking proofs of your friendship. Oh, that ever I should have such a son-in-law.

Julia. And that is the man on whom I am to bestow my heart. How is it possible!

Mr. Bull. I have been an old fool, I know. I feel I have. But what's to be done. Let us give him a further trial. I must, however, retire and compose myself. By the blood of the Bullfinches, I have not been so ruffled for years. I leave you, sir, for the present.

Tim. And joy go wid you, my daisy.

Mr. Bull. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Quiet, gentle, unassuming!

[*Exeunt Mr. B. and JULIA, through c.*]

Tim, *R.* Hurroo! Hurroo! There's a dose for the ould gentleman. I feel my twenty sovereigns kicking each other already in my pocket.

Foxlove. But you carry it a little too far, sir. What occasion was there for you to take the liberty of kissing the lady?

Tim. Mustn't I be doing the thing natural, sir? Could I be a lover, and not salute my wife—such a thing was never heard of in Ould Ireland. Now, I'll tell you what it is, sir—just be after giving Norah a dozen or so, and then its quits we'll be crying—so say no more about it [*crosses L. H.*] All goes on right, and before night it's five hundred more he'll be glad to give to get rid of me.

Foxlove. Be more discreet for the future. My dear Julia!

Enter JULIA, through C.

Julia. My father has retired to his room to obtain a short repose; but I was alarmed by a knocking at the gate.

Enter NORAH, in great haste, L. H.

Norah. Och, ma'am! Och, sir,—my heart's as big as a whale, and my head's as full of blubber—it's all over!

Tim. Is it over, you mean? I wish it was, and the twenty pounds in my pocket, and you in my arms. What's over, my darlin'?

Norah. Och, Tim. He's come! he's come!

All. Who?

Norah. The real Mr. M'Carthy—bad cess to him—he's this moment arrived.

Tim. Och, botheration! Bad luck to him! the dirty-faced vagabond. And how will I be getting out of the bog now?

Julia. We're lost! Was ever any thing so unfortunate?

Foxlove. Is there no hope—no way of getting rid of him?

Tim. I have it; leave it to me—and it's the battle I'll win yet. Follow me, and I'll just be explaining it to you. And, Norah, do you first turn the key on the ould gentleman, and then be showing the young one up here. Away with you, my darlin.

[*Exit NORAH, through C.*]

Will I be giving up twenty pounds so aisy? No. I'll first be giving him a touch of Irish cunning. So follow me.

[*Exeunt, through C.*]

Enter NORAH, shewing in Mr. M'CARTHY, L. H.

Norah. Be kind enough to wait here, sir, while I announce your arrival to the family.

[*Exit through C., R. H.*]

M'Car. Well, here I am at last; in the house of my father's old friend, in the character of a suitor to his daughter, who I

have never seen ; but if she is ever so beautiful I can never love her, my heart is already given to another ; so I must manage to break off the match as easily as possible, so as not to exasperate either of the old gentlemen, or be the death of the lady ; who, luckily, can't care a straw about a person she never set eyes on. Who have we here ?

Enter TIM, through C., R. H.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Now I must play the gentleman. [*Aloud.*] Sarvant, sir. I presume you are Mr. M'Carthy ? [*Aside.*] That's just what was said to me.

M'Car. At your service, sir. May I ask who I have the pleasure of addressing ?

Tim. My mother was called Fitzpatrick, and she always said I was her son ; very much at your service. We've been expecting you a devil of a time.

M'Car. My father, I believe, announced my intention of coming some time ago. May I enquire for Mr. Bullfinch ?

Tim. Poor old gentleman !

M'Car. I trust there is nothing the matter with him—no sudden illness.

Tim. Poor old fellow ! And it's pitied he's to be, all the world over. But it's in the family.

M'Car. In the family ! My dear sir, pray explain.

Tim. Then you havn't heard ?

M'Car. About what ?

Tim. The old gentleman. Poor fellow !

M'Car. Not a word, since his last letter to my father.

Tim. Then it slipped his memory to write and tell you, I suppose. It's my painful duty to inform you, he's wrong here.

[*Taps his forehead.*]

M'Car. What do you mean ? Is he ill ?

Tim. In the mind, but not in the body. In fact, sir, it's apartments he's got to let in the upper story.

M'Car. I really don't understand you, sir. In plain language, what is his complaint ?

Tim. Then, in plain language, sir ; it's mad he is.

M'Car. Mad !

Tim. As Dennis O'Flaggerty, who hung *himself* behind the street door instead of his *great coat*. His head's as light as a potato peel ; and it's myself that's his keeper.

M'Car. Good Heaven ! what a misfortune ! When did this happen ?

Tim. I couldn't take upon myself to say ; seeing I don't be after knowing.

M'Car. Is he raving ?

Tim. Raving is it ; he's as quiet and as aisy as a sucking pig at it's

But you see, sir, its strange fancies he's

after taking into his head. What do you think he's got in his head now?

M'Car. I really can have no idea.

Tim. Why it's myself he takes for yourself, and M'Carthy he always calls me; now that's strange.

M'Car. Very!

Tim. You may say that. So, when he sees you, he'll declare you're not yourself.

M'Car. Then what am I to do?

Tim. Just be after letting him have his own way, and it's all right; but contradict him, and, Whoop! he's off like a sky-rocket. There's a system in his madness, take my word for it.

M'Car. I'll take great care. Have you any idea of the cause of it. What brought it on?

Tim. Is it the cause you'd know. Then, between ourselves, this is confidential and private, so mind, don't tell anybody you don't want to know it.

M'Car. Of course; of course. You may trust me.

Tim. Thin, by my soul, sir, betune you and myself, it's in the family.

M'Car. You don't say so. His daughter —

Tim. Och, the creature. I wouldn't be giving a brass farthing for all the brains she's got; and it's worse than the old gentleman she'll be before long, or it's myself knows nothing about it.

M'Car. What a misfortune! What an escape I've had! How is she affected?

Tim. Her rason's like the man who went up in the balloon to fish for stars, rather too high-minded. Sometimes off she goes, whisk! pop! Och! botheration, you never saw such a she-devil.

M'Car. The sooner I'm out of this, the better. Madness in the family! I wouldn't have her with fifty thousand.

Tim. By the piper of war, here she is. Now, sir, it's yourself will see wid your own eyes.

M'Car. [*Aside.*] This will be a good excuse for my declining the match. Now for my bride that was to be.

Enter JULIA, fantastically dressed, through c., R. H.

Tim. Permit me to introduce you to Mr. M'Carthy, from the sweet little town of Toomavara. [*Aside.*] Give it him, miss: it's yourself must fight your own battle now, while I go and stir up the ould gentleman. Whoop! won't I make him roar!

[*Exit through c., L. H.*

Julia, R. H. Mr. M'Carthy, how delighted I am to see you. I have read of you; thought of you; dreamt of you; and now to gaze upon you—Oh, 'tis Heavenly!

M'Car. [*Aside.*] This is rather an awkward situation. My dear madam, I'm delighted to see you. [*They sit.*

Julia. I'm in a galaxy of delight! When, quite an infant, I toddled from my mother's arms, I heard thy name blended with my future fate; our names were woven with a wreath of roses! I treasured up all in my heart; there thine image has lain slumbering. In murmuring brooks I've pictured thee; on starlight nights were wafted unto thee; and now, like a bright luminary, you burst upon my sight, and dazzle me with thy lustre.

M'Car. [*Aside.*] Mad, without a doubt. My dear madam, I regret to hear about your father.

Julia. My father! he's a saint in Heaven. Angels watch around his pillow. He was my guardian angel until you came to take me from him.

M'Car. [*Aside.*] Heaven forbid! I would not for the world deprive him of so great a treasure.

Julia. But now you're come to take me to your bosom; therefore, with wild delight, I throw myself into your arms—mad with supreme bliss. [*Embraces him.*]

M'Car. But, my dear madam—'pon my word—I really—this is —

Julia. Hush, hush! Now we're in the garden of Paradise, where universal happiness reigns. No misery is there, for all is love and pleasure. I feel the balmy incense of love stealing through the air; and you, like an angel, are watching me. You'll never part from me?

M'Car. [*Aside.*] I only wish I could. No—never, never.

Julia. Always love me—tender me with a jealous care?

M'Car. Yes, always, always. [*Aside.*] Anything to get rid of her.

Julia. Never smile on others more fair and lovely?

M'Car. Never, I assure you.

Julia. Swear to be true to me for ever.

M'Car. Really, my dear madam.—

Julia. Swear; or the Demon of Jealousy will take possession of me, and I shall tear you into little stars. Swear.

M'Car. [*Aside.*] She's raving. I swear. I swear.

Julia. Then here I'll rest for ever.

[*Lays her head on his shoulder.*]

M'Car. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my life, this is pleasant. How shall I get rid of her. An interesting situation. Will you lead me to your father?

Julia. Here will I slumber. Ha! what's that I see—'tis a demon—a vampire—he comes to devour me. See,—'tis there—there—[*clings to him*]. Save me—save me! Let us away, love—let us away into the realms of bliss. Ha! he comes again—away—away—away—

[*Rushes out through c., R. H.*]

M'Car. Thank Heaven, she's gone at last. I breathe freely again. Poor creature! she's raving! The sooner I get out of this, the better. This will free me, and I can now wed my own Kathleen, without further opposition from my father.

Enter TIM, laughing, through C., L. H.

Tim. [Aside.] Ha, ha, ha; Och, botheration! and I'll die of laughing. Haven't I riz the blood of the Bullfinch? Ha, ha, ha! Peppered his head with the flour box. There'll not be a shindy, at all, at all. Get out of the way, sir, for here comes the ould gintleman in one of his fits; as wild as O'Brien's cow, that went mad because she could'nt eat her own tail.

M'Car. Then I'll be off. I've had quite enough of one of the family.

Tim, R. H. And is it yourself that would be running away. Here, just pop into this snuggery, and there you'll be seeing what an ould devil it is.

M'Car. Thank you; thank you. It will be as well to see him, or my father will not be satisfied. [*Exit into cupboard, R. H.*]

Tim. [Aside.] Now then for the finisher. If this don't put every thing as it ought to be, why I'll be hanged for murder, as the man said when he cut his own throat. Here he is. Now, sir, keep quiet.

Mr. Bull. [without.] Where is the villain; where is he.

Tim. You hear him, sir; keep quiet, or he'll be murdering you.

Enter Mr. BULLFINCH, L. H., his wig on the wrong way, covered with flour, his clothes in disorder.

Mr. Bull. You rascal, you villain! how dare you, how dare you, use me so. By the blood of the Bullfinches, you shall pay for this. I'll not put up with it; I'll not endure it.

Tim. Aisy, thin, aisy, wid the hay, honey, or you'll be putting yourself in as great a perspiration as a ball of snow in the dog-days.

Mr. Bull. What is the meaning of this treatment. Look at me, sir; here's a figure.

Tim. You may say that; and its yourself that would look mighty well in an exhibition. [*Aside to M'CAR.*] Just take a peep at him, sir.

M'Car. [peeps out]. [Aside.] Good heavens! poor creature!

Mr. Bull. By the blood of the Bullfinches, you'll drive me mad. But I'll not endure it; so let me tell you, Mr. M'Carthy.

Tim. [Aside to M'CAR.] You hear what he calls me.

Mr. Bull. Although I have a great respect for your father, I'll not put up with such treatment from his son. So get out of my house, sir.

Tim. Now be aisy wid you.

Mr. Bull. I say again, get out of my house. By the blood of the Bullfinches, I'll no longer bear your presence. So be off—he off directly.

Tim. Then it's yourself that will be off directly. Be quiet wid you, whilst I speak to you. [*Aside to Mr. BULL.*] Be after listening to me: they say you're mad.

Mr. Bull. Mad! By the blood of the Bullfinches!

Tim. Stark, staring, raving mad; and they've sent for a keeper to keep you quiet.

Mr. Bull. A keeper for me. Phoo, nonsense: — You're insane.

Tim. Is it persuading you, I am; why you know you're mad: — as mad as the Dublin *hatter*, who wore a *napless* hat, and swore he niver *felt sleepy*.

Mr. Bull. I wonder I'm not; by the blood of the Bullfinches.

Tim. I can see it in the twinkling of your eye. Och! it's mad you are, and no mistake.

Mr. Bull. I'll not endure this any longer. Here, John.

Tim. Be quiet wid you. You'll not believe you're mad.

Mr. Bull. No. I'm damned if I do.

Tim. Then its a secret I'll be telling you: the keeper, he's here to take you. The big blackguard's in that cupboard.

[*Aside.*] Now for a row.

Mr. Bull. In the cupboard. I'll soon have the scoundrel out. Come out, you villain, come out—[*pulls M'CAR.*]—you'll tell people they're mad, will you; look at me, sir, tell me, to my face, am I mad, sir—am I mad?

M'Car. Really, sir; I —

Mr. Bull. Answer me, sir; am I mad?

Tim. [*Aside to M'CAR.*] Remimber what I told you.

M'Car. [*Aside.*] Not to contradict him. Then, sir, if you wish it, I should say, most decidedly mad.

Mr. Bull. I am mad. Oh, you villain! This is the way innocent people are destroyed; it's worse than burking. I am mad. By the blood of the Bullfinches, I think I am.

Tim. Aisy, sir, aisy; don't be after flustering yourself, take it coolly, as the boy did when he fell through the ice.

Mr. Bull. I'm too easy. Get out of my house, both of you, or I'll kick you out.

M'Car. Sir, my name's M'Carthy.

[*Crosses to c.*]

Mr. Bull. M'Carthy!

M'Car. Son of your old friend and schoolfellow. M'Carthy, of Tipperary.

Mr. Bull. Phoop! Phoop! Who's the madman, I should like to know.

M'Car. I came hither, sir, to see and marry your daughter; but I trust you will not be offended if I say, I must decline that honour after what I've seen.

Mr. Bull. Decline that honour! Ha, ha, ha! I like that; you decline. I wish you'd be off.

Tim. All's going on as smooth as the sea in a calm. [*Aside to M'CAR.*] Conclude the interview as soon as possible, for it's a mighty big fit I see coming on.

M'Car. Here, sir, is an agreement I have drawn up, by which

I voluntarily resign the lady, and thus release you from the forfeiture.

Tim. I'll be after squinting at it [*takes it*]. Wisha long life to you; the very thing. Twenty pounds, and Norah for life.

[*Exit TIM., C. R. H.*]

M'Car. Here, sir, is a letter from my father, and I now, sir, take my leave—[*crosses to L. H.*—trusting that before long yourself and daughter will be perfectly restored.

Mr. Bull. Stop, Stop! What's all this. My old friend's writing—"My dear son, the bearer of this"—signed, "Dennis M'Carthy." Here's some mistake; you can't be Mr. M'Carthy.

M'Car. No other has a right to that title, I can assure you.

Mr. Bull. By the blood of the Bullfinches, then, who was the person who just left us. He's Mr. M'Carthy.

M'Car. I know him only as your keeper; by name, Fitzpatrick.

Mr. Bull. My keeper?

M'Car. Yes, sir, he informed me that both yourself and daughter were mad.

Mr. Bull. Mad! I only wonder I'm not. Damme, I think I am. I'm bewildered. First one M'Carthy; now another. What is he—who is he—where is he.

Enter Captain FOXLOVE, JULIA, and TIM.

Tim. Here, my jewel. Tim Rafferty, at your honours service.

Mr. Bull. By the blood of the Bullfinches, will nobody explain?

Foxlove. Permit me, sir. You had promised your daughter, whom I loved, to another, under a forfeit of ten thousand pounds; to obtain your release from which we assumed the various disguises you have seen, and I now hold it in my hand.

Tim. And I hold mine in mine; as good a looking a twenty pound note as I ever clapped eyes on.

Mr. Bull. By the blood of the Bullfinches, do I hear right?

Julia. Yes, my dear father. [*Crosses to Mr. BULL.*] I could not give my hand without my heart; we have saved you a large sum of money, and from the misery of knowing you had rendered an only daughter wretched.

Mr. Bull. Then who the devil are you, sir.

Foxlove. Captain Foxlove, of the dragoons; and this is my servant. I trust, sir, you will forgive everything, and make your daughter happy.

Tim. If you don't, I'll be powdering your wig again; and this time I'll be doing it with a shillalah.

Mr. Bull. This is all very fine; but what says Mr. M'Carthy?

M'Car. That I am happy to find you really a reasonable being.

My hand and heart are promised to another ; so allow me, one of the parties deceived, to add my entreaties for their forgiveness.

Tim. Arrah, my jewel ! say the word, and its myself that will serve you for a hundred years, and then bury you comfortably. So just be after making us all happy, and yourself into the bargain.

Mr. Bull. Well, I suppose I must ; there, take her, Captain Foxlove. The deceitful little hussy has played her part so well there's no refusing her.

Tim. Here, Norah ! Norah !

Enter NORAH, through c., R. H.

Now, your honour, it's flattering myself, I am, that I've played my part so well, that you'll bestow on me your sarvant, Norah, here ; for its ourselves that are anxious to follow the Captain's example, and increase the family.

Mr. Bull. You're welcome to her :—and, by the blood of the Bullfinches, I'll give away the bride.

Tim. Your honour's a trump to the back bone ; and, therefore, I promise you that it's yourself shall stand godfather to the first boy or girl—and now we are all pleased. Hurroo ! I'm like the horse that ran so fast you could'nt see him. How do I know my friends here are pleased—allow me just to ask—Ladies and gentlemen, are you pleased ? if you are, just be putting your hands to our IRISH ENGAGEMENT.

THE END.





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